

CHARIVARIA.

We hear that at the entrance to each of the Imperial palaces in Germany there is now exhibited a neatly-framed little notice:—

NO INTERVIEWERS.

It is again stated that a most flattering offer from Serbia was made to the KAISER in the event of his resigning his position in Germany.

Herr KINDERLEN-WAECHTER, the German Acting Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who is said to be a nominee of the KAISER, is now being roughly handled by the German Press, which takes particular exception to a yellow waistcoat which he affects. Curiously enough the KAISER's most famous cartoon warned his people of the Yellow Peril.

We cannot say that we agree with those persons who object to the inclusion of the United States among our possible enemies in the calculation of a two-Power standard for our Navy. It is true that everyone over here knows that all Americans love us better than themselves, but in America itself there is a shocking amount of ignorance on this point.

The Daily News has apparently tired already of the campaign against the House of Lords, and is beginning to sneer at the other place. In a note on the effect of bankruptcy on a member of the Upper House, our contemporary winds up:—"While thus disqualified, however, the bankrupt peer is not deprived of his privileges—that is to say, he does not become a commoner, and cannot be elected to the House of Commons."

"Why," asks a correspondent, "is it not allowed to read a newspaper in the House of Commons?" We believe the reason to be that Parliament is proud of its traditions, and one of these is the child-like innocence of our legislators.

"It is astonishing," says a great thinker, "how different persons'

ideas of beauty vary." This is proved, of course, by many of the ladies who enter for Beauty Competitions.

Professional prisoners, we hear, are objecting most strongly to Suffragettes wearing prison costume for demonstration purposes, and thus bringing it into contempt.

"Had you another house up your sleeve?" asked counsel of a female

thought by some authorities to have been a heat-spot due to the recent abnormally warm weather.

It has been proposed in the French Chamber, in the debate on Capital Punishment, that no one committing two murders within a year shall be exempt from the guillotine. This allowance of one free murder per annum is considered in homicidal circles not to err on the side of generosity, but no doubt a compromise will be arranged.

Some politicians take the Suffragettes more seriously than others. Mr. BONAR LAW, M.P., for instance, has put his vocal powers into training so as to cope with interruptions from that quarter. Last week he delivered a speech at the Mountain Ash Pavilion, which is leased to the proprietors of a menagerie, and the orator's words were punctuated by the cries of savage beasts.

"Singing in the streets cannot be permitted," declared the Marylebone magistrate. "We cannot allow the streets to be made hideous by people who think they can sing." This humane prohibition might with advantage be carried further.

Over 200 applications for space for "Salome Dances" have, it is said, been received by the managers of the Fun City which is to open later on at Olympia. This idea of refining certain places of entertainment by the introduction of a semi-religious element strikes us as being peculiarly bright and British.



THE END OF THE RECITATION.

"AND I—I AM THAT LITTLE CHAP, CURLY AND BROWN."

witness at Shoreditch County Court last week. Surely the expression should be "under your hat"?

At Aurillac, the other day, a goat which accompanied a peasant into the local bank began nibbling a bond worth £3,000. This has led a correspondent to ask what precautions have been taken to prevent a similar incident happening at the Bank of England.

The large spot which was seen on the face of the sun last week is

According to The Daily Mirror, thieves are arming themselves with sharp snippers to cut off the tails of stoles as they hang over ladies' shoulders.

A Victim. LUCILLE, bring hither my twice-tailed stole!

"On the Australians' form in this game they are in for a big defeat at Oxford on Wednesday . . . while Oxford, on their form against Guy's Hospital last Wednesday, will have to improve 50 per cent. to win."—Sunday Times. After this, it was the easiest possible thing to say, "I told you so."

## THE GENTLE FRAU'S APPEAL.

[A Member of Parliament has been exhibiting a toy model of a German gunboat which has a small slot for the insertion of nickel coins. These toys are being used as collecting-boxes by agents of the German Women's Navy League. It is said that they are handed about in German schools with the request, "Give us your pence, so that we can thrash the English."]

CHILDREN of the Vaterland,  
Little budding mailly-fisters,  
Please to lend a helping hand  
To your mothers, aunts and sisters;  
Help to give it England hot!  
Put your pfennigs in the slot!

Look at this delightful toy  
Built upon a gunboat model,  
Suitable for girl or boy  
Just as soon as they can toddle;  
Every coin that in you slip  
Goes to smash an English ship!

We, the Women's Navy League,  
Keen to have our foes in pickle,  
In the cause of *Krieg und Sieg*  
Beg you, babes, to spare a nickel;  
Thrash the Lion and his whelps!  
Every little nickel helps.

When you've got to manhood's heigh,  
Proved the faith that now you're new in,  
You'll be glad you gave your mite  
Towards arranging England's ruin;  
We can do with small amounts;  
Every little nickel counts.

Santa Claus is coming soon;  
He will stuff inside your socks his  
Gifts, including (what a boon!)  
One of our collection-boxes;  
Could there be a nicer toy  
For a Christian girl or boy?

And, when full of food and mirth,  
You have done your day and prayed a  
Christmas prayer for Peace on Earth,  
Don't forget the Great Armada!  
Ere you seek your tiny cot  
Slip a trifle in the slot!

O. S.

"When fashion demands slender gracefulness of women who have to break corset laces to make themselves even presentable, isn't it fortunate that science steps in and makes their task easy?"

*Liverpool Daily Mercury.*

This shows the Superiority of Man, who can break a boot-lace quite easily, without any help from science.

He. Darling, all is over between us.

She. Oh, GEORGE, this is so Abruzzi.

Mr. AKERS DOUGLAS, as reported by *The Globe*:—

"For his own part he had never hesitated to say that he would support a duty on hope if there was the opportunity of doing so."

If we may say so without expense, we hope he won't.

"NOTICE.—It is reported that I, C. H., waggoner for Mr. G. B., set fire to his stack-yard. If anyone can prove me guilty I shall come on them for damages."—*The Lincolnshire Chronicle.*

We like his spirit.

## DISCURSIONS.

## THE BILL-HUNT.

SCENE—*The Library. Time, 10 A.M. She is reading a newspaper. He, at the writing-table, is going through his correspondence, and has just opened an envelope of a bilious aspect.*

He. Well, I'm dashed!

She. Are you? Why?

He. Here's a bill from ROWLANDS—£2 13s. 4d.

She. Well, what about it? It isn't much.

He. It's quite enough. I simply hate these bills from ROWLANDS. They're always coming in. And I'm sure this one's been paid. I remember the amount.

She (with more interest). Let me have a look at it. (He hands it to her for inspection.) "Repairs to garden roller." We've had nothing done to the roller. I'm inclined to think you're right.

He. Generous being!

She. We're certainly not going to pay twice over.

He (enthusiastically). What a Chancellor of the Exchequer you'd have made. No more National Debt, no more taxes, no more—

She. CHARLES, get up and help me to find the receipted bill. (He gets up.) Now the great question is, where is it?

He. What's the use of asking me? You know you always put the bills away, and you've got some patent system for finding them. You try first, and I'll get on with my letters.

She. What an idea! Do you really think I'm going to hunt for a bill while you amuse yourself with your letters. No, no, you've got to help.

He. But—

She. Not another word. You can begin with your bill-filing box.

He. But I haven't put a bill there for years. It's full of children's books and toys and things.

She. You never can tell. It was meant for bills, and there's no knowing that this particular bill hasn't got stowed away there by mistake. Come on. I'll take the drawers under the book-shelves.

He. But I tell you it's perfect foolishness to look for a bill in the bill-box.

She. CHARLES, I'm disappointed in you. What was that I read about the dignity of labour the other day?

He. You really do talk more nonsense than any other female human being in the world, and that's saying a lot.

She. Not as much as you think it says, CHARLES. Now, then. One, two, three, off! I bet I find it first.

(She springs to a drawer, pulls it out, and begins to rummage through it. He proceeds to the bill-box and reluctantly opens it.)

She (half to herself). It might be here. No—these seem to be about five years old. Halloa! What's this? (Reads.) "SURTEES & Co., £48 12s. To one superfine Angola, fancy-lined coat, ditto waistcoat," and so on, and so on. What wicked extravagance! CHARLES, you never told me of this.

He (lamely). It's a tailor's bill.

She. It is.

He. Well, it's been paid, anyhow.

She. That's just it. £48 12s. absolutely wasted on your chest and back and legs; and then you dare to complain—



### AD LEONES.

LICENSING BILL. "WELL, NOTHING BUT A MIRACLE CAN SAVE ME NOW!"







*Child (herself unmoved).* "I DO LIKE YOU TO ENJOY YOURSELF, MOTHER. WHY, I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU LAUGH IN A THEATRE FOR YEARS."

*He.* Oh, do go on with your hunting. How can I concentrate my mind if you chatter so much?

*She.* Chatter isn't a pretty word, CHARLES. I'm only doing my duty as a wife in pointing out—

*He.* I don't want any more of your pointing.

*(He immerses himself in the bill-box, from which he extracts four tattered picture-books, a broken tambourine, five dolls in various stages of decay, two stuffed monkeys, a brown bear, and a donkey on wheels.)*

*She.* Any luck yet?

*He.* Not a bit. How are you getting on?

*She.* So—so. *(Exultantly)* Here it is! No—that's £3 14s. 2d.—but it's one of ROWLANDS'S right enough. I'm on the track. You try another drawer.

*(He does so. Gradually a litter of bills and letters and toys and books and pamphlets is spread over the carpet.)*

*He (desperately).* It's no good. I'm going to chuck it.

*She.* Coward! Get up on the ledge. There's a pile of papers on the top of that bookshelf.

*(He mounts, seizes the papers and falls backwards in a cloud of dust across a sofa.)*

*He (coughing violently).* Ow—ow—didn't I tell you—ow—ow—my back's broken—ow—and it's only a packet of your mother's letters after all.

*She.* Mamma's letters? How curious. I knew I'd put them away somewhere.

*He.* That comes of being tidy, doesn't it? I'm

choked with dust; my back's in three pieces; I've sprained both ankles; but you've got your mother's letters, and—

*She.* CHARLES, if you say a word against mamma's letters, you shall have cold mutton for dinner.

*He.* It's the one thing I dote on. And there's one other thing I simply love, and that's ROWLANDS'S bills. I'm going to write a cheque for this one.

*She.* You wouldn't dare, after all our trouble.

*He.* I dare do all that may become a man. *(He writes the cheque to an accompaniment of protests.)* There! I've done it. And now I'm off for a stroll. You do the tidying up, dear. You know I'm no good at that.

*(Exit, leaving her speechless amid a wilderness of papers.)*

"HILL-WILLIS.—On the 14th Nov., at Hersham, Essex, the wife of Stephen Alexander Hill-Willis, C.E., Assoc.M. Inst.Mech.E., M.R.S.I., &c., Engineer and Surveyor to the Orsett R.D.C., late of the P.W.D., C.I., of a son."—*The Times*.

Self-effacement is all very well in its way, but there is such a thing as false modesty, and we are inclined to think the above a case in point. To a man of reserved nature it must have been indeed painful thus to lift the veil enshrouding his career, and our only regret is that, having once put his hand to the plough, he should so soon have turned back. The fugitive glimpses he affords us of his life and achievements make us crave for more.

## THE NEW WESTMINSTER.

The *Westminster Gazette*, which has lately been enlarged and newly constituted, has recently printed a story recommending the charms of a certain restaurant, without giving the reader any warning that what appeared to be art was as a matter of hard fact advertisement. It is felt that if this kind of thing spreads the paper may come to read somewhat as follows:—

### NOTES BY THE WAY.

There are a good many letters on the Education question in *The Times* this morning, and they are all pretty much what might be expected at this stage of the negotiations. The extremists on either side are extremists still, but in between there is a great body of opinion which is ready and eager for an honourable compromise, in which (if we may be forgiven for explaining the obvious) each side would have to make concessions. Has not the time come for that great solvent of difficulties, a good dinner? We venture to recommend this meeting ground (we had almost written meeting ground) and should be very happy to undertake the arrangements. The locale is obvious to anyone who read in our issue of Saturday, the 14th, the story about Amarylhis and the New Payity.

### SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.

Mr. H. B. IRVING in "THE LYONS MAIL."

As I watched *The Lyons Mail* through my monocle last night I could not help thinking what excellent opportunities it offered to the reviser. Suppose, I thought, that some clever man took it in hand and made it a new and topical thing. In the old play Mr. H. B. IRVING takes the part of the double; in the modern version he might begin as a single gentleman, but by dint of excellent feeding at the New Payity Restaurant, say, where he lunches, dines and sups, he ends, with the assistance of pillows, as a most convincing double gentleman. The new title might be *The Lyons Meal*, and all the scenes would be laid in one or other of the sumptuous rooms of this delightful resort.

### REVIEWS.

#### RECENT ARCHITECTURE IN LONDON.

Mr. SEPTIMUS BOALE's new work on *The Façades of the Metropolis* brings a tinge of pleasure to the cheeks of the jaded reviewer such as seldom finds its way there. It is both authoritative and attractive, and it needs no special knowledge to

discover its merits. Mr. BOALE's taste and our own coincide almost invariably, and more particularly are we at one with him in his eulogy of the New Payity Restaurant, which we, too, regard as a model of the latter-day architect's skill and adaptability. It rises from the pavement with such courage and address; its walls are so perpendicular; its door is so invitingly placed; its windows are set absolutely where they should be; and the roof completes all—*finis coronat opus*.

### SOUFFLÉS.

In Paris they have been eating camel steak. We hear that Mrs. LEO HUNTER, dining last evening at the New Payity, confidently ordered Lyon's chops. What next?

If he who sleeps dines, will not some statistician tell us how heavily one must sleep to compass as good a dinner as the seven-and-six *table d'hôte* at the New Payity? Like Rip Van Winkle, at least. May you live long and broswer!

### COMPETITION.

This week we offer a prize of two guineas for the best Greek hexameter describing, in the manner of HOMER's catalogue of ships, the courses at a Sunday evening dinner at the New Payity.

Last week's competition was again won by Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON, who should, we think, have a good chance for this also.

### THE LATEST NEWS.

An alarm of fire called several engines to the New Payity Restaurant this morning, but it proved to be groundless, having been occasioned by a waiter's misunderstanding of a delighted guest's remarks on the heat of the curry.

### HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE.

#### THE WINE AND THE BUSH.

It may not be generally known how the three brass balls, the sign of the pawnbroker, originated; but everyone is acquainted with the meaning of the bush outside a wine-shop. Just as a striped pole signifies that a barber dwells below, so did the bush indicate the vintner. Good wine, however, as the proverb says, needs no bush, and that doubtless explains the absence of a bush over the door of the New Payity.

### "GRAFT."

The curious word "Graft," which now crops up so often in American

papers, has yet hardly reached this country, at any rate as a neologism, although the processes which it describes are probably firmly enough established. The derivation is a mystery, nor can we see how it has been drawn from arboriculture, unless as meaning that the wealthy man whose subsidies the grafter takes is the parent stock, and the grafter, or he who receives any secret commission, is the parasitical growth fastened to that stock.

## BOOMSTERS AT THEIR REVELS.

### GUSHING GENEROSITY.

MISS SALLY WORPLE, the flower-girl who, as Mr. MAX BAMBERGER was driving through Piccadilly Circus the other day in his motor-car, threw a bunch of violets into the vehicle, has received the following soul-shaking letter from the famous pianist:—

"*Maridge's Hotel, Mayfair.*

DEAREST GIRL,—I was immensely touched by your graceful thought of me the other day and shall remember it with positively abject emotion as long as I live. It gives me great pleasure to learn, on the authority of the news investigator of *The Daily Slop Bowl*, that you are the only support of your parents and sixteen small brothers and sisters, and I am convinced that you will grow up into a great, brave, high-minded woman, for you have already given evidence of the possession of altogether exceptional nobility of character. As a humble and altogether inadequate recompense for your generosity, I enclose a cheque for £25 to buy you some suitable gift—preferably a little toque—to remind you how deeply I appreciate your heroic self-sacrifice.

Believe me to remain, dearest girl, ever your faithful friend,

MAX SEBASTIAN BAMBERGER,  
Court Pianist to the  
Emperor MENELIK of Abyssinia."

MISS WORPLE, who has since been interviewed by our representative, is a handsome young lady of some twenty summers. Asked as to her plans, Miss WORPLE said as soon as she had completed her wardrobe at WEDFERN's she proposed to start on a tour round the world with a special company for the performance of a series of short one-Act heroic plays, based on her own exploits. The National Testimonial organised by *The Daily Slop Bowl* had already brought her £3,400 in addition to the sum presented by Mr.



Rural Philosopher. "NAY, THOU MAUN'T BE SWEERIN' AT OWD MARE! SHE'S GOTTEN A DEAL MORE SENSE NOR SOME OF UZ WHAT'S BETTER EDDICATED."

BAMBERGER, and she hoped that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER would, out of the funds at his disposal, add another £2,000.

It is gratifying to be able to add that Mr. BAMBERGER's splendidly public-spirited act is not to go without due acknowledgment. The eloquent appeal of *The Daily Slop Bowl* to its subscribers has met with a magnificent response, and on enquiry at the offices last night it was ascertained that the special BAMBERGER Reward Fund has reached the impressive aggregate of £7,412. If, as is hoped, the sum subscribed should reach £10,000, it is proposed to devote half to the purchase of a magnificent grand pianoforte, with inlaid panels painted by Mr. SIGISMUND GOETZE and Herr EMIL FUCHS, and half to a superb 100 h.p. Napravnik Limousine, with decorations by Professor Sir HUBERT VON HERKOMER, for Madame BAMBERGER.

Meantime the Mansion House Fund started by the LORD MAYOR for the purpose of suitably acknowledging the splendid services of *The Daily Slop Bowl* in calling attention to the noble way in which Mr. BAMBERGER had behaved to the heroic flower-girl in advancing by leaps and bounds. The latest list of subscribers includes the names of Mr. BILGER-GUPPY the

eminent Transatlantic Oil King, Mme. JOSEPHINE ST. HELENA, and all the prodigies who are at present petrifying the metropolis.

#### A MODERN BAYARD.

A very touching incident recently occurred in Pall Mall. As Signor POLMONI DI PELLE, in company with Madame ELLIE YELBA, was leaving the Carlton Hotel, the Signor struck a match intending to light a cigarette, but as there was rather a high wind at the time the match was blown out. At that moment a sandwich-man who was passing by, realising the situation with a flash of exquisite sympathy, said, "Ere y'are, guv'nor, just get behind my board," and promptly enabled the illustrious baritone to achieve his purpose without further mishap.

The name of this modern Bayard, we now learn, is JONAH SWOGGLE, and he has been the recipient of the following letter from Madame ELLIE YELBA:—

"My very dear Friend,—Your extraordinarily chivalrous behaviour to my husband under exceptionally trying circumstances has touched me to the quick, and I sincerely trust that before long I shall be able to induce some great poet and equally great musician to embody the inci-

dent in a ballad, to which I may be able to render full-throated justice. In the meantime you will, I hope, accept the accompanying cheque for £50 as a token of my regard and in partial recognition of your splendidly heroic act of generosity to a total stranger.

Yours,

With sincere admiration,

ELLIE YELBA-POLMONI DI PELLE."

On calling upon Mr. SWOGGLE at his private residence in Whitechapel yesterday, our representative had a long and interesting interview with this great-hearted gentleman. Mr. SWOGGLE declared that he was never so surprised in his life as when he received Madame ELLIE YELBA's letter, which, he added, had entirely changed the course of his life. He has already been photographed by the camera experts of sixteen daily papers, and received thirty-nine offers of engagements from music-hall managers, as well as an invitation from the manager of *The Times* to write a new *Life of Sir Philip Sidney* for Mr. JOHN MURRAY, in collaboration with Lady GROVE.

"To Mr. and Mrs. Smith—a daughter. Both progressing favourably."—*The Times*.

We should be glad to hear how the little girl is going on.



## VOTES FOR ACTRESSES.

### MOST-FAVoured-BEAUTY COMPETITION.

[On the principle of the plébiscites started by some of our contemporaries for choosing actresses for engagements.]

This competition has been started at the instance of readers goaded to desperation by the increase of picture post-cards, portraits in illustrated papers, carriage accidents and other industries created by the modern actress. The six most popular comédiennes, as determined by our ballot, will receive an offer to stop acting and retire absolutely from public life, with compensation calculated at fourteen years' purchase. Old-age pensions will in addition be provided for the six walking ladies and operatic choristers selected by our readers.

For the purpose of this competition alone, "musical comedy" will be considered to be drama, and any lady who utters more than one line on the stage, or even joins in a shout of joy or execration, will be held to be an actress within the meaning of the Act.

In connection with this contest will be a Grand Tour scheme for despatching popular favourites who have passed 59 to Central Africa, Further Siberia, and other distant localities for a prolonged period, all those passing through New York being forbidden to announce to the Press that they are receiving record salaries.

Successful actresses will be required to refrain from appearing on Christmas cards, writing face-wash or tooth-powder advertisements, opening bazaars or losing their jewellery.

Meanwhile, candidates' photographs should show the teeth freely, and represent the sitter in a motor-car or swinging in a garden hammock.

It is hoped to follow this competition with others for amateur reciters, aged comedians, etc., and a Marathon Race to Kamschatka for the composers of the plots of musical comedy.

[The following form, to be filled up by Candidates, will be supplied on application.]

To the Editor.

I, the undersigned, beg to submit my name, on the understanding that, if elected, my farewell appearances shall not exceed twenty (20) in number.

Name (1) actual.....

" (2) for stage purposes.....

" (3) for other purposes.....

Age (not necessarily for publica-

tion, but as a guarantee of good faith. Candidates are requested to write clearly)

Married or single (if married, state how many times; if single and engaged, state name and courtesy title, if any, of peer's son in full).....

Full list of complexions and colours of hair—(1) On the stage  
.....(2) Off the stage

Possible breadth and depth of smile in feet and inches

Height from sole of high-heeled stage shoe to tip of tallest feather of Merry Widow Hat. (Note.—Natural height will be reckoned as two-thirds of the above).....

I further promise, if successful, to abstain after my farewell appearances from acting for the rest of my life, and to use my influence to induce my friends to do the same.

## BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

SOME HUNTING PEOPLE.

Tally-ho Lodge, Melton.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—I stayed at BOB AISLABIE'S for the opening of the season with the Hurry-up, of which she's the new "Master." You don't know Bob, do you? She dropped into the big Aislabie estates when she came of age a few years ago, and is quite one of the latest things in women. Talk of "hunting complexions!" Bob's is long past praying for. She couldn't wear a white or light-coloured gown for nuts! Her hair is cropped short, she always rides in the new way, and her voice is like a motor-hooter. You should see her striding about in the morning, in riding boots and a covert coat with a cigar in her face, giving her orders! She'd pass anywhere for a man, only she's too obtrusively masculine. She's a good sort, however, and even her mannishness had its rise in filial virtue: her father was horribly disappointed that she wasn't a boy, so she did her level to be one. I've tried to soften her down a bit, but—"It's no use, BLANCHE," she shouted; "I couldn't be a lace-and-chiffon woman however hard I tried. You can't make a what-d'-you-call-it out of a thingummy. I've a stand-up fight with MITCHELL every evening when she tries to put a coil and some pin-curls on this cropped noddle of mine for dinner. I'm just what I was when father

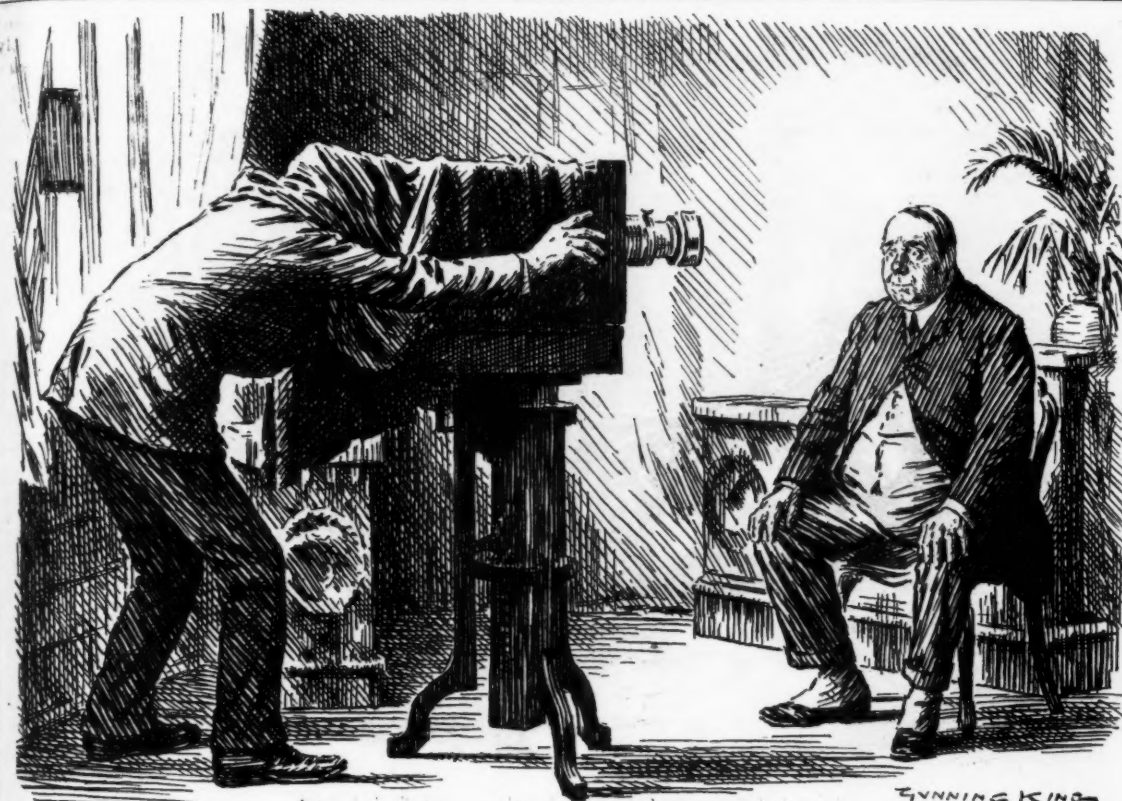
gave me a pearl necklet on my fourteenth birthday, and I was so horribly disappointed it wasn't a new huntin'-crop that I chucked it out of the window. Poet chaps write a lot of rot about flowery May and leafy June; give me November, when wire's down and the country's stripped for business, a bit of blood to carry me, and hounds throwing their tongues, and I'll ask nothing better of life!"

And d'you know, it's the funniest thing! Lord NINIAN FFOLLYOTT is simply cracked on Bob ("TWEETIE," as he calls her), and has taken Yoicks Cottage for the season. Lord NINNY, who hates exercise and takes care of his complexion and likes needlework better than anything else! (All the cushions and comfies and cosies at his little flat in Pont Street are covered with his own work.)

"I loathe huntin'," he said to me miserably at the meet yesterday; "the gettin' up early and the cold wind, and bein' thrown so often; but, if I'm to see anything of TWEETIE I must hunt, for TWEETIE'S huntin' all the winter." "Of course she is!" shouted Bob, riding up and flicking him with her crop. "Buck up, sonny! I'll put you in my pocket and you sha'n't come to any harm." "TWEETIE's very cruel to me, BLANCHE," he said; "I propose to her every day, and she only laughs and says she can't be plagued with that rubbish; and I've bought a lovely engagement ring, and she says she hates rings and won't wear it, and she makes me wear it; and I think it's very hard that, though I'm engaged to TWEETIE, TWEETIE's not engaged to me!"

I wonder how they'll get on if they ever do marry. NORTY thinks they'll be all right, because Bob, being an outdoor woman and NINNY an indoors man, they won't see much of each other, and that's the chief thing in marriage. We'd a lovely run yesterday, but after the second fox was accounted for I dropped out, and so did SIDDY DANGLETON, and we rode round by Seven Spires and Mudberry, and had tea at the queerest little wayside inn—great fun! Bob attacked me about it after dinner, when we were smoking. "You lost the best of the day, BLANCHE MULTIMIL," she bawled. "Hounds routed out a nailing good fox from Mudberry Wood, a glorious old fellow who gave us a clinkin' good fifty minutes' run till he tired, and then they banded him about; and rolled him over at Milby. There was plenty of grief. The old Duke of DUNSTABLE got a jolly good





Sitter. "WELL! HAVE I AT LAST GOT THE PLEASANT EXPRESSION YOU DESIRE?"

Operator. "YES, SIR. NOW KEEP QUITE STILL, SIR."

Sitter. "HURRY UP, THEN. IT HURTS MY FACE."

sousing in Milby Brook; and serve him jolly well right! He'd the cheek to give WILSON some advice about the pack this morning. As if WILSON and I don't know what we're about! But about this dropping out when hounds are running, and sneaking off to tête-à-tête teas at wayside pubs—there's a lot too much of it, and I tell you straight, you people who do it, you don't deserve to hunt with the Hurry-up, and now I'm Master I'll stop it if I can." "Don't get on your hind-legs about it, Bob," I said. "If we're such bad children you must enlarge the powers of your whipper-in, that's all!" But it's no use bestowing a little *plaisanterie* on Bob. She interrupted me with, "I say, people! Congrats, I believe, after all, I shall get my licence to ride under N.H. rules. And then, hip! hip! for the Grand National!" "Oh, TWEETIE, you cruel girl!" bleated Lord NINNY. "I hope you *won't* get the rotten old licence. I should *have* to come to Aintree if you rode in the Grand National, and I should die of fright for fear you got killed!" She

laughed, and called him a silly little thing.

BOB AISLABIE is only one more example of a fault I find with our sex, my dearest. I'm afraid we're a bit *one-idea'd*. (I'm an exception, of course, and so are *you*, and so's *any* woman one happens to be talking to at the moment.) We ought to remember that we're "not for a day but for all the time," as SHAKESPEARE said of himself. There's your booky woman, who runs all to brains; your emancipated woman, who runs all to votes; and your outdoor woman, who runs all to hands and feet and shout. We ought all to try, as I do, to be *many-sided*—"all things to all men," and all that sort of thing. Look at *me*; I'm not too busy with fun and frocks and frills to have my opinions about the problems of the day, though I've no intention of chaining myself to the Speaker's chair and giving the House the benefit of them. The Unemployed, for instance. I've a splendid scheme for setting them to make a great big road right through England, *for motors only*. Then there need be

no speed limit; the police could leave off setting traps for motorists, and turn *all* their attention to murders and things; and no people or doggies would get run over. Talking of doggies, those dreadful Socialists, not content with abusing *us*, are attacking our darlings—"pampered pets," as they call them. What do they mean by it? Do they want to take my sweet Pompom out of his little bye-bye basket and put in one of the Unemployed instead?

I've told NORTY (who's hunting with the Lotmore, but has twice been over for a day with the Hurry-up) that he's quite welcome to use my idea about the Unemployed in Parliament; for I hold that a woman's influence in these matters should be *indirect*. He only laughs. But I daresay he *will* use it.

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

"Our New Mayor is a descendant of the Rev. Henry Venn: he was his grandmother's grandfather."—*The Torquay Directory*. It doesn't say what relation he was to the blind beggar.



"Oh, I don't think I'll take your cab. I don't like the look of your horse."

"Well, lady, f'raps it's just as well, as he don't seem to like the look of you neither!"

#### "JOURNALISM AS A FORCE."

(A grateful appreciation.)

'Tis only now, when dank autumnal vapour  
Begins to lure the microbe from his lair,  
And woods grow leafless, and the linen-draper  
Is selling warmer lines in underwear,  
That you become, my vespertinal paper,  
A power beyond compare.

All summer long, a light and careless rover,  
Your lucubrations on the kerb I peck,  
I browse among your literary clover  
And cast away the sheet a crumpled wreck;  
But now the days of thriftlessness are over—  
I guard you like a cheque.

The fateful leader on important crises,  
The feuilleton that agitates the heart,  
The doings of our *Dreadnoughts* on the high seas,  
The method of concocting apple-tart:—  
In one and all my educated eye sees  
The useful ends of Art.

For when the grip of toil at evening loosens,  
And homeward I return through rain and mire,  
Too oft to find (a most infernal nuisance;  
And one that warps the framework of my lyre)—  
Where was I? Yes—too oft to find that SUSAN'S  
Forgot to pack the fire;

There breathes no inspiration half so tender  
(I've tried a pair of bellows all in vain)

As you, my journal, stretched above the fender,  
To animate the embers as they wane.

"Hi, boy!" (I think I hear the bell-mouthed vendor  
"My *Evening Blast* again!")

#### ALICE-SIT-ON-THE-FLOOR.

CAN anyone ask whether London is dull or likely to continue so this winter, after reading in a contemporary about the brilliant idea of a lady resident of South London who is well known in the theatrical world? The reply is in the negative, as this transpontine novelty takes the form of a sit-on-the-floor tea. We learn, at first hand, that the most astonishing effect of this curious tea-party was that every man and woman present seemed to be far more bright and willing to talk than usual, while one quiet, shy man was full of jokes and anecdotes. It is, however, not quite without precedent. The Georgian participants in the feasts of reason and flow of soul not infrequently finished the evening under the table. There are differences, of course, in progressive Peckham and up-to-date Tooting. Our later roysterers now enter the room on all-fours, while the ladies bring their own sweeping-machines and dusters with them. The application of these household necessities to the shins and backs of the gentlemen acts as an unfailing conversational gambit, and draws out the most retiring visitor. Unending fun, too, is caused by tripping over a row of toes with tea-cups, varied with a cascade of sally-lunns. The ice, and other things, are broken at once. Altogether, we note a distinct advance on the celebrated entertainment given in *Alice in Wonderland*.



Bernard Partridge.

### KIND ENQUIRIES.

SULTAN OF TURKEY (to GERMAN KAISER). "SPEAKING AS ONE CONSTITUTIONALISED MONARCH TO ANOTHER—HOW IS YOUR YOUNG GERMAN PARTY?"





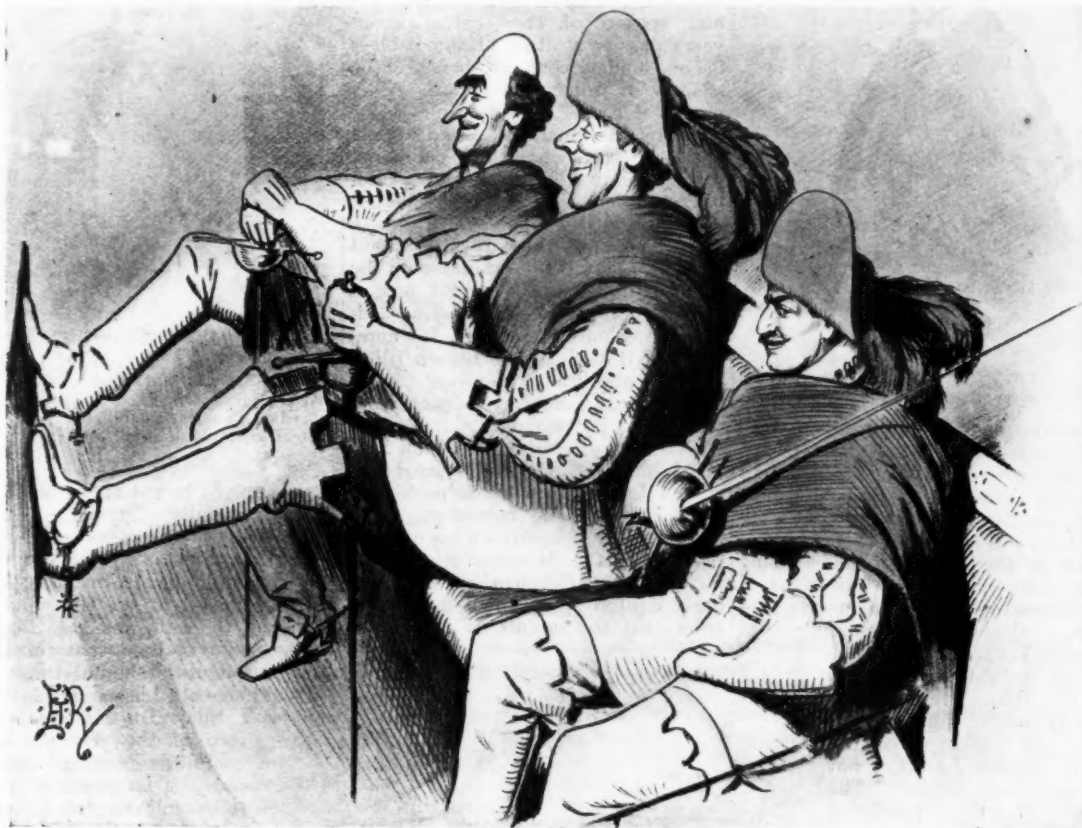
THE END OF THE WORLD

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## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM A COLLEAGUE OF TOBY, M.P.



"THE THREE MUSKETEERS;" OR, D'ARTAGNAN AND TWO OF THEM.  
(S-m Ev-ns, McK-mna, and H-rb-rt S-m-l.)

House of Commons, Tuesday, November 17th.—According to the orators who constitute the fringeline of the Opposition when Licensing Bills are around—and, by the way, it is interesting to note how short of sharpshooters their advanced trenches really are, how quickly the *rota* is worked through, and the same speakers pop up again with the brazen regularity of recurring decimals—LEIF JONES, pallid and convinced, is the master-mind that controls the tactics of the Treasury Bench.

With grey lock pendent on his forehead like a wintry Atlantic roller tumbling in on the shores of some unpronounceable bay in his native Wales, his pale, ascetic face illumined with the joy of seeing all his pet theories and his wildest dreams compacted into a Government Bill, he sits directly be-

hind Ministers, marking each move of the enemy. Every now and then he leans quickly forward to point out some weak spot in the "parallels" of the brewer and the publican, some point where they have over-reached themselves. He lends some colour to the suggestion that he is the veritable MOLTKE who directs, by frequent use of the regal, comprehensive "We," the authoritative "Us." But surely such an assumption does less than justice to the three bold, skilful "Musketeers" below him, cloaked, plumed and booted, on the Treasury Bench, all daring spirits out for blood.

The jaunty McKENNA of the fighting-top and careful curl, the D'Artagnan of the Admiralty, who has looked in to lend a hand—in what moment of weakness can one conceive his deadly thrust directed or restrained by the lifelong advo-

cate of temperance behind him? Never a gauntlet yet was hurled to the ground in his district but blue steel flashed from the scabbard, and quick, responsive stamp of eager heel, clink of spur, and cloak dashed quickly clear of wrist and shoulder of his sword-arm, told of our REGINALD afire and darkness about to be illumined by the showering sparks of steel on steel.

How can one think of SAM (PORTHOS) EVANS, with beetle-brow and shaven chin and Alpine scone a gleam, yielding his knightly judgment, staying his lightning wrist-play, thrusting here or there at the bidding of any unscarred thumper of the peaceful tub? Who so blind as not to see the stark impossibility of swarthy, sinewy ARAMIS-SAMUEL, waiting for directions? Why, his steady, searching eagle-eye would be sadly out were it not the first to



SOLIDIFIED Ayr.

"Sir, I never wince." (Mr. George Younger.)

detect an opening for deadly lunge; his blade would be wet with the forensic gore of CAVE or F. E. SMITH seconds ahead of any whispered hint from JONES.

There was a thrilling moment once when in the course of the evening LEIF JONES fancied he saw signs of weakness and emotion across the way. Glancing searchingly at GEORGE YOUNGER, rosy, prosperous, he said delightedly, "The Hon. Member for Ayr Boroughs winced!"

To the uninstructed the thing seemed doubtful, not to say impossible. The glow of the combined health-giving breezes of Ayr, Campbeltown, Inverary, Irvine and Oban seemed to have made YOUNGER proof against any such human frailty.

Up with all speed permissible to nascent *embonpoint* he sprang. "Sir!" said he, "I never wince!"

Plainly our LEIF had misread some fleeting outward vibration of exuberant prosperity, but there is a rooted dislike in all of us to admit mistake, and he contented himself with the mild evasion, "Well, all I can say is that the Hon. Member showed some of those symptoms which the other Hon. Members show when they wince."

This later suggested to ARTHUR BALFOUR that he also saw wincing going on in other and more distinguished quarters (these

things are so infectious); but possibly again the wish was father to the thought.

ARTHUR made great play with a touching phrase of SAM EVANS'. He had spoken of the (extra) seven years passive waiting of the hapless licence-holder, cowering beneath the shadow of impending doom, as "a period of rest."

There was much to be said for the truth of this when one compared this season of immunity from "compensation-levy" and from "charges in respect of monopoly value" with more boisterous times of stress; but it tickled BALFOUR's fancy and he blew with a humour of his own a fascinating bubble of shifting iridescent colours, and kept it there, swelling it with gentle breath till it floated, absolutely gorgeous, about the House. Later, at a touch from McKENNA, it was gone.

Take it all round ARTHUR enjoyed himself. He had started out with a deliciously pathetic profession of jealousy at the fact that, while the speeches of nearly all his old colleagues in the Ministry responsible for the 1904 Bill had been assiduously hunted up and quoted from, in order that the intentions of its pro-



ONE WHO KNOWS.

Earl Winterton. "The President of the Board of Trade has said in a speech in the country that the greatest intellects in the land were ranged on the side of the Bill."

Mr. Hodge. "Hear, hear!"

(Mr. John Hodge.)

motors might be got at, he alone had been spitefully ignored, omitted maliciously, treated as of no account!

"Yet, after all, Mr. SPEAKER, I was Prime Minister at the time and the author of the Bill, and I do think it is very hard that the Hon. Member should think me beneath his notice!"

Since DU MAURIER's picture of the poor famished host at an evening "crush" pleading for some slight refreshment on the plaintive ground that he was "only the master of the house," no such moving scene has been recorded.

The explanation of this malignant ostracism came later, when it turned out that minute and careful search revealed the fact that, in all the long debates of 1904, ARTHUR had made no single pronouncement, spoken no solitary word on the point under discussion, leaving it with a fine generosity and characteristic self-abnegation to others to commit themselves and give hostages to posterity.

In a burst of picturesque and graphic inspiration towards the close of his speech he "knocked-in" on the canvas, with the dexterity of a FRANZ HALS or a SEYMOUR LUCAS, a glowing picture of ASQUITH and his merry men as



"A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY BUCCANEER."

(A fragment of Mr. Arthur Balfour's suggestion for a next year's Academy picture.)



M.P.H. (who has lately taken to polo).  
"D-B," ISN'T IT?"

"BY JOVE, OLD MAN, THIS IS BETTER THAN MISSING A DIRTY LITTLE WHITE BALL, AND SATING

"Buccaneers of the Sixteenth Century" laying under contribution some hapless "city in the West Indies."

In point of "bravura," "impasto," "morbidezza," "chiaroscuro," and other Italian noblemen whose names I forget, but who occupy the armoury and form the perpetual body-guard of the art-critic, this would be bad to beat.

For comprehensive range and wild variegation of perplexing topics, no one ever knew anything like Report Stage of the Licensing Bill. Its authors, whoever they may be—the halo flits from brow to brow, from ASQUITH to WHITTAKER, from WHITTAKER elsewhere—seem to have acted on the sound principle enunciated at the music-halls, that

"Every little bit, added to what you've got,  
Makes just a little bit more!!"

Simple in form, incontrovertible in argument, one has realised at once as it was jerked over the footlights, between the wheezes, by that peripatetic philosopher, R. G. KNOWLES, that here, trippingly stated, was an eternal truth. It will stand the test of minutest examination, and he would be a bold man who would undertake to expose its fallacy.

To the temperance reformer, with

his lifelong antagonists, the brewer and the publican, in the hollow of his legislative hand, the formula was no doubt irresistible; in practice it's a weariness to the flesh. Still, everyone who knows the horrors of the drink trade, even to-day, will wish that when, gathering its clauses and schedules about it, the Bill sweeps presently into the "gas-chamber" of the Lords, the good in it at all events may escape asphyxiation.

E. T. R.

#### THE YANKEE PERIL.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—On Monday last a newspaper contents bill displayed in large letters these ominous words:—

ENORMOUS AMERICAN  
TRADE DEVELOPMENT  
NEW ARCHBISHOP.

Is the Government alive to this new menace? Is England's proud title of "Mistress of the Sees" to be wrested from her at last? I trust, Sir, that you will use your influence and impress upon the authorities the necessity of laying down at once two new Archbishops of the Cantuar class as an answer to this undoubted challenge. We are also lamentably weak in ordinary Bishops. Of the thirty-

three Diocesan Bishops of the Worcester class, the majority are of ancient date, and seventeen are classed as Suffragan! Opposed to these, America has some eighty fairly modern Bishops, the oldest dating from 1784. True, we have about ninety first-class Colonial Bishops, who, however, are acting too far from their base to be of any practical value to the Mother Country.

To keep abreast of the Two-Power Standard, at least six Archdeacons should be provided for in next year's programme, though seven would perhaps be better. In Rural Deans (of which we have at present 810, including two temporarily laid-up) we are not satisfactorily strong, but on the subject of Deans I cannot touch in this letter; they would require a chapter to themselves. In the smaller craft, such as Curates, we are well represented, although even here a little more money might well be expended. Above all, we need more Canons. I am no pessimist, but I love my country, and that is why I confidently appeal to you, Mr. Punch, knowing there is nothing you have more at heart than the welfare and glory of the British Isles. I enclose my card and remain,

Yours, etc.,

THE MAN IN THE PEW.



## AMUSINGS.

[Some notes upon curious findings discerned by S. John Otakura, of Nagasaki, Student of Automobile Construction, Letters and Life.]

## III.

## QUICK-HAND MEMENTOES OF AN AUTOMOBILE EXHIBITION.

THE gentleman who presides up the mahogany tree of *Punch* points the finger of a nod to me that I am not to deal so fulsomely with the "automobile" as with the "exhibition" side of the question. While on the tent-pegs of dubiety whether automobile engineering practice, as seen through Japanese *pincc-nez* (or folders), would not be more interesting than mere cracklings about men and manners, I must hop the twig of alacrity to fulfil his behests.

If the proper study of man is mankind, one could select few better studios than that laid out at the feet by disgorging one bob at the turnstiles of Olympia the Golden.

Though now rising two years a student of motoring affairs, I had never tumbled how great a percentage of the British population are motorists; yet each second or third stripling who strode the cocoa-nut-shy *tapis* of Addison Road wore a cap designed to defy the utmost vigours of the elements, and an equal number had swathed *tibia* and *fibula* in puttee coloured leggings of wild-boar's hide. I am pleased to remark the modesty of these fellows. Frequently I observed one such who would say to his companion, "That is a jolly fine chassis, old chap." His *vis-à-vis*, appetite for information holding both his sides, would ask *why*, in what respect it excelled others? But instead of erecting his importance on the pinnacle of conceitedness by detailing the points in which the particular chassis was hot stuff, his mentor would yawn, almost with *embarras de sagesse*, and say, "Come along, we must be moving!"

Those gentlemen employed to vend the wares of Autolyceus in the shape of motor-cars are great guns. By the dintings of a few carefully-phrased enquiries I discovered that many of the cars on exhibition had skeletons in their closets. Half-a-dozen young fellows whose conversational oars I plied confided to me, in fact, that

they had each personally been employed recently by another firm, but had felt constrained to resign lucrative and important positions because of the weakness of the old firm's back-axes, or steering-gear, or ignition system, or method of lubrication. Though they told me this tale of latent decrepitude singly and one by one, I summed up my facts, and discovered that at least six of the cars on show had some weakness of constitution. But, happily enough, any one of these chaps would assure me that the car he now had the hardihood to represent excelled no end just in that particular selection

facturer the section in which his car is top-hole, and combining the purchase (and I should be as happy as a jig to come over and bare a hand at the assembly of the parts), he would have a car that never was on land ashore, and I should be able to give myself a dig in one or two ribs and say, "Well done, stout fellow!"

While I was chewing my rags with satisfaction upon this picture and on that, a gentleman whom I have met in the company of my literary god-papa approached me, looking very replete with beans.

He asked me to show him round, and as I had no shame in bringing to the *bon marché* such a blooming and well-groomed bear I proceeded to give him a few pupil-dilations.

We stopped at a stand gaily adorned with the palms of Lebanon and Turkey rugs, and I engaged in wordy counters with the young man *chargé des affaires*.

"Is this a good car?" I asked, thinking to open the bow-window of opportunity for him to do himself a bit of good.

"No, sir; rotten. I may tell you, between our bed-posts, that this car is exhibited here only to accentuate the fine moulding of the forms of others. This car is a shining example of all that is least desirable, least defensible, most *ultra vires*, and infinitely devoid of *locus standi*. And I shall be obliged if you will ambulate rapidly in the direction of Hellantoni, Griqualand West."

I seek no golden-clothed deference, but I ask my fellow-inhabitants of these green isles, far away from my native place of birth, if this was a proper manner in which to meet a polite interrogatory overture.

I entered protest, and remarked that he was a puppy, a flapper and a sucking-pig who was for long condemned to an exclusively lacteal diet.

"My dear little jitsy-ju-jube," he retorts, "I have nothing further to say to you. I have had here this morning five of your intelligent if hound-pied compatriots, each seeking to bestow on my heaving bosom the bright star of an order for six cars on behalf of the Marquis



"PLEASE MOTHER SAYS WILL YOU GIVE ME ANOTHER TOOTH-BRUSH? THE WHISKERS HAVE COME OUT OF THIS 'UN."

of its vitals where the other car had failed miserably. So much for the benefit of change, as I remarked.

In half-an-hour I had made notes of the names of the eight cars possessing the best (a) back-axle, (b) engine, (c) gears, (d) ignition, (e) lubrication, (f) carburation system, (g) suspension, and (h)—though I am well aware that there is no such note in the gamut of either tonic sol-fa or ancient version—coachwork. Should any subscriber to *Punch* be on the tiptoe of buying a car, wishful in all reasonableness to buy one that will bang Banagher in two shakes, I shall be pleased to let him have the names of these eight cars. By buying from each manu-





## THE DEMOCRATIC AGE.

Kind Lady. "WELL, MY LITTLE MAN, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO BE WHEN YOU GROW UP?"

Little Man. "SOMEFIN' WHAT DON'T WEAR A COLLAR!"

WHATO. Three of them wanted a dollar so that they might send telegrams announcing their selection: one of them had had his pocket picked in the train on the way down here; and one of my men strangled the other before he had got to the 'tapping' point. So you had better run along, my little man, before I risk immolating the point of a comparatively new shoe in an attempt to kick your hip-pocket into your hat-band. *Savvy?*"

By jingo! when my friend explained to me that some low-class countrymen of mine were practising the hide-and-seek of a leg-pulling attempt to maintain false pretences, I was indeed sick in heart.

My friend had the presence of mind to recommend a cordial, which to some places of decimals put me on my feet again; but I can never believe that a Japanese has been guilty of working such a diaphanously thin-warped wheeze as suggested by this car-seller.

I recommenced my peregrine's pickle of a trot-round the building.

Spotting out on a stand a young chap of some openness of counten-

ance, and determined not to let first impressions of his *genus* steel my pancreas against him, I asked him what number of cars he had sold. He was somewhat of a waggish kidney, it seemed, for he assured me he had that day palmed off no less than eight. I betokened some interest in his wares thereupon, and he asked me—probably because he could see I was a discriminating lynch-pin—if I should care for a Trial Trip. I took him on, and said by all means fair or foul, I should indeed, and no mistake. He gave me his card, and directed me to the outer confinements of the building, where were many greasy young boys tending cars of an irritatingly unanimous grizzliness of painting. I asked one such if he could waft me o'er the ferry of intervening *terra firma* to Shepherd's Bush tuber.

"No," said this young devil's sport, "I blooming cannot. Do you take me for a blooming Sunday-school treat?" he said.

*Experientia docet.* I had seen the folly of bandying my oratorical shins with such *canaille*, and withdrew, reserving to myself the right, when I

shall feel the spirit mooding me to become the proud possessor of a car, to spot my winner in France or other place where one can traffic without a snub on both cheeks. E. N. D.

"Enfeebled by age, Bishop Lang enters upon his Archbishopal work in the 45th year of his age."

In the chorus of congratulations, it was left to *The Cork Constitution* to strike this jarring note.

## "PARIS DAY BY DAY.

SATINGS OF NAPOLEON.

By Special Wire."—*Daily Telegraph*.

Once more our enterprising contemporary achieves a "scoop."

"Racing was put back fifteen minutes at Warwick this afternoon.

Owing to the late arrival of the Birmingham trains racing was put back fifteen minutes at Warwick to-day. The going was heavy.

Delightfully fine November weather prevailed at Warwick when racing started this afternoon, but owing to a breakdown on the railway several of the special trains were late, and racing had to be put back a bit. The rings were well filled."—*Evening News*.

And so on. Say when you've had enough.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I HAVE never read any book by MARY JOHNSTON that missed distinction, and her last, *Lewis Rand* (CONSTABLE) is as good as her best; perhaps even a little better still, by virtue of the firmness of hand which she here shows in the drawing of character. Yet I must harbour a little mild resentment against her for having led my judgment astray. Her title and her earlier chapters gave one to suppose that *Lewis Rand* was going to be a hero. True, he is in a sense a man of heroic build and has a certain greatness of nature, but it is warped by an ambitious egoism that brings him to a wretched end. Meanwhile—a far more regrettable error—one has acquired an unfounded prejudice against a very perfect gentleman, *Ludwell Cary*, chiefly because he happens to be the rival of *Rand* in politics and love, and has the advantage of him in birth, breeding, and natural charm. Miss JOHNSTON might have spared him to survive his enemy, but she has pitilessly chosen to have the courage of her own ideas. Whether the popularity of her book will suffer or not, she has justified herself as an artist. The part that women play in this romance is not so prominent as it might be. *Unity* is a slight, frivolous thing; and *Jacqueline* a hazy figure, half lost in the shadow thrown by the man she adores through honour and shame. One is jarred at times by a touch of unintended affectation in her speech; but this is forgotten in the tragic and noble reserve of her misery at the close. If a fault has to be found with Miss

JOHNSTON's charming style, it is that she is rather lax in the selection of her details. Botany is her weak point. I counted over three dozen trees and plants in her first chapter. She should try to paint more broadly with fewer strokes of the brush. Yet everyone has his own way of creating atmosphere, and anyhow there are few writers who can be so lavish of their descriptive powers, and yet never cause a moment's sense of tedium.

Memories of SAUL among the prophets flit vaguely across the mind on discovering that the author of *Lyra Frivola* and *Verses to Order* has written a history. Poets certainly have turned historians before now, and even historians in less serious moments have tried to write poetry; but both, truth to tell, have generally made a sorry mess of the other fellows' business. All the more honour, then, to Mr. A. D. GODLEY that in *Oxford in the Eighteenth Century* (METHUEN) he has given us an excellent history. He apologises in the preface for producing a dull book: would that other authors were able to produce chronicles at once so scholarly and witty! Like good wine in the old catch, Mr. GODLEY makes dull dogs delightful; and there were some very dull dogs indeed in eighteenth-century Oxford. But the least brilliant of academic periods produces its worthies, such as the oarsmen of the green leather caps and nankeen jackets. And their memory is as well

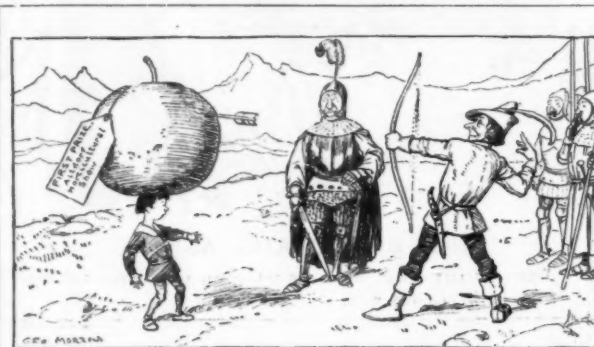
worth preserving as that of GIBBON's bibulous dons, who blush in nebulous regions at an unwilling immortality. By the way, is it because MILTON was a Cambridge man that the old misquotation is again allowed to crop up in these pages—"fresh fields and pastures new"? A poet should have remembered that his Puritan predecessor wrote of woods, not fields.

MR. EDWARD H. COOPER is well known as a man of two hobbies. Children and thoroughbreds, Newmarket and the nursery, are the twin passions of his life; and I suppose that there is very little about Puss in the (Tattenham) Corner and Kiss in the (Doncaster) Ring which he does not know. The amiable nature which is the secret of this twofold power is abundantly reflected in his new book, *The End of the Journey* (HURST AND BLACKETT), though the children and horses which figure in its pages are merely excellent side-shows. In the circus proper the performers are all grown-ups. The leading lady and gentleman had loved and married—but not each other, since poverty forbade the banns—some years before the actual performance. In their first turn they meet again, accompanied by the several

encumbrances in the shape of husband, wife, and children, and then the band begins to play. Mr. COOPER stands in the middle and cracks his whip, the pace gets faster and faster, and the other performers hold their breath, wondering how soon their feelings will run away with them and they with each other. But just when the chief actors threaten to get out of hand, the whip cracks again, and a Roman priest thunders after them mounted on a

special train, and saves the situation in the nick of time. So that when, hand in hand with their lawful spouses, they bow their thanks for your applause, you feel that none is a penny the worse. And that is much more than can usually be said about books dealing with the difficult question which is the subject of Mr. COOPER's graphic story.

Given two things, it is only human to prefer one; although "Both" is sometimes the best choice. In the present instance, however, when the two things are Mr. J. B. ATKINS' book of essays, *Side Shows* (CHRISTOPHER), and Mr. REGINALD LUCAS's book of essays, or, at any rate, essayist's commentary, *When all the World is Young* (HUMPHREYS), I find a preference for Mr. ATKINS, although I do not elevate that preference to the rank of criticism. Mr. REGINALD LUCAS is too worldly-wise, too man-about-townish for me. His title is also misleading, for one expects the glow of youth and finds instead a cool sententiousness. Mr. ATKINS, on the other hand, takes one into the open air. He is a traveller, an observer of nature; he can sail a boat; he thinks BUTLER's *Analogy* the best holiday book, because by taking it with him on holidays he ensures a rest from reading; he looks upon the visible world as an entertainment, and sets down its praises in honest, enthusiastic prose. In his little companionable book all the world is young.



EXPLODED REPUTATIONS.

I.—WILLIAM TELL.